

DOCTOR WHO

SHIPWRECK!

PART ONE

Present day. This is the *Seamancer*, a fishing trawler out of Portsmouth, battling through the *worst storm* the Atlantic Ocean has seen for 30 years.

She's seen *tough waters* before, but *nothing* like this. And things are going to get *much worse*...

Urgh! I think I'm gonna *throw up*!

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

If you *must* be sick, *Miss Jones*, please go *outside*.

I don't think I can move. Where's the *Doctor*?

"Your friend is outside, *enjoying* the ride. Personally, I think he's *insane*."

You might think he's mad, *Captain Ketley*, but I couldn't possibly comment...

Hey! I thought you were supposed to be *fixing the TARDIS*, not taking in the *sea air*.

Yaahoooooooo!

Oh, ha ha, very funny...

I don't know what's making me heave *more*, the flipping *sea* or the captain's *sarcasm*. Get a *move on*!

It's nice of Captain Ketley to have us onboard...

He doesn't have much choice - not since the TARDIS chose to pitch up *below decks*.

Best not *outstay* our welcome then.

Can't a fella *enjoy* himself on a *sea cruise* anymore?

I thought you said you were working against the *clock*, anyway.

Well I am, but don't forget I'm a *Time Lord*. I can *clock off* whenever I want.

And so can the *TARDIS*, it seems.

The TARDIS is very old, Martha. Things do *break down* occasionally.

But you've worked out what's up with it?

Oh, that's obvious - the *dematerialisation field* is fluctuating badly. It just needs *recalibrating*, that's all.

But it is *urgent*, right?

If it's not fixed *soon*, the dematerialisation field might cut in without *warning*...

Suddenly...

Whoa! Turbulence!

The *Seamancer's* taking a real battering...

KRRZZZKK!



Heave to, bosun!
Hard to port! We'll
run *aground* if we're
not careful!



I can't work in these
conditions! The
TARDIS is getting
sea sick!

Maybe we should
leave it to the
experts this
time...



She's not responding,
skipper! I think the
rudder's gone!

Look out! We're
going to hit those
rocks!

I am an
expert!



Abandon
ship!



Martha! Swim for
the rocks!

No kidding!

**KKKKRRRUUUU
- UUINNCCHHH!**

“cough cough”
You don’t half
pick your times
to go for a *swim*,
Doctor...

Never mind that – the
Seamancer’s going
down... we should look
for survivors.

Doctor! Miss Jones!
You made it!

Only just! Where
are we? I thought
we were lost in the
middle of the Atlantic!

According to the
charts, there was
no land within a
hundred miles of the
Seamancer. I don’t
know *where* we are.

Everyone’s
accounted for,
skipper - at least
we’re all *alive*!

Alive? For how
long? What is
this godforsaken
place?

Simmer down,
cook. We need to
stay calm and
find shelter.

Funny – the
compass needle
is *stuck*. How can
that happen?

Bust on the
rocks?

Let’s have a look.

Ah! Interesting! We
must be right on top
of the *magnetic pole*.
The needle’s jammed
because it’s trying to
point *straight down*.

You're all talking rubbish! We can't be anywhere near the *North Pole* - we went down in the middle of the blitherin' *Atlantic*!

Hey!

Cook - that's enough! We won't get anywhere arguing among ourselves!

I always said havin' *wimmin* onboard was *bad luck*.

Listen, mate, you make your *own* luck - nothing to do with *me*!

You may think it's *bad* that the ship's gone down and we've been washed up *here*...

...but it's *worse* than that. This sand is *volcanic rock*. It shouldn't be anywhere *near* the Atlantic Ocean - or the North Pole, for that matter.

Be quiet and listen!

What are you trying to say, Doctor?

That this isn't Kansas anymore. Look up *there*.

Huh? Where have all the *clouds* gone? What happened to the *storm*?

Oh, we've left the storm *well behind*, Martha. Check those stars out. That's *Rigel Four*... that's the *Gogol Nebula*...

...and that's where *Metullia Orionsis* used to be. You can't see any of those constellations from *Earth*.

You mean - we're not on Earth anymore?

